

IN] Wachstweig Stralls in the Plum Garden

[localization of Irving as DJ'Wlk - strange, immigrant]

Plumb orchard belonging to W9's father -

plumbs: like sheet lamps. - days + nights like fruit

for WD hours like plums falling ~~under~~ at his feet on the path

Orchards & legends do not yet fascinate him, but NY as city does

it is the live doll: a young woman sparkling w/ competing reflections
+ something of a woman who has prematurely aged

(parenthesis: ? what he would give to ring the song of her youth)

Every season & aspect of her beauty entice him & his interest
taken in panorama of bustling city of business activity

About time + memory - ?? - boundary of time confused.

This island is the object of the whimsies

better to spare the ו'ס נקב to the ו'ס' נקב

The mind of Irving? Attracted to things past + wants to rise

then a low shine. imagine silver shinin mist, and

also original inhabitants - battle of pioneers + settlement...

The Dutch come, indention + pious + stolid, But underside
of strange riders, dreams populated w/ the uncanny, back, taverns
W9's heart opened to this

Better understood the pencil sketching mountains, shadows,
four walls of man, plastic, water sea into lake.

Whether he sees himself / However he sees his world (as a picture
rich in color or sharply etched) he feels that 2 times/hours meet
in him: $\text{כאשר } \rightarrow \text{הזמן, הזמן או הזמן, ואילו הזמן של מחר}$

Between these 2, flow muddy rivers & later become movable
types like black poppy seeds

In midst of his thoughts, amidst the plums,

W9 enters father's house (unwillingly) - summer outside like
ripe plums, blue & gold competing.

Other roofs & gardens look out - Good that the Hudson will be there
tomorrow

- [1] My 2 grandfather of a summer afternoon in Lita in by the forest.
Forest as hoary grandfather receiving them - Forest instructed them
in P'f'ic - 1938 & eye of God - series of tutorials in nature & God -
One shakbat as they walk ~~Joseph - Michael~~ Leoshung - Horeb (XY) turns to
Michael: shakbat today & we cannot play chess, the game
belonged to us on weekdays -

Description of 2 men, sitting w/ pipes & tea moving their pieces knight
castles at their will & in their manner & pace -

But is it possible that if it all an illusion seeking to mock us, for in
real world king do not do our bidding, knight do not fight for justice
castles are the seats of scoundrels

YM interrupts him says God: This 11'N2 is a large island; leave
the real players to their lives of turmoil & rage

Instead let us rejoice in this small world 1917' - 1918 That has been
set aside for this - they move lightly, propelled by our thought
Let us be content w/ this pleasure.

YT: But I have difficulty in drawing a parallel bet. Our command
of the pieces & God's command of Creation - no 11 bet. 201 of '2 and
man's imperfection -

YM: You said you would tread the white path & know you have
flown in the storm of clouds!

XY: - You are right. Draws his attention to the unseen hand ⁽³⁾ that orders all the phenomena of ~~the~~ nature in the forest - long catalogue of natural processes

Perhaps even ~~the~~ our beloved game of chess comes from the same ^{source?}

YM: Thanks him & speculates that perhaps their chess games are only a poor attempt to dispell some of the world's reality

44: Dicerus kernel of sadness in his words + cautions him in friendly way + summarizes w/ his friends words:

ממ נא ויקר פילר עזקב' אפנתו ומק'ו' שחק'ו פל' אלה מלך

Dappled light on forest floor creates a virtual chessboard in new

חֲמַטָּה n/f
= chess bird